

The Trumpeter
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Road Kill

Maren Allison Cuellar

I.

I see the
carcass, bloody.
There are no homes.
A blackbird
picks; I hear
ripping in my
ears. Sockets
linger, suspended
black holes.
We get to a point
when time stops.
I drive forward,
avoiding a scene.
This is truth.

II.

As I drive,
I recall a moment.
Linking strips of film,
I am in my darkroom.
It is gone in a moment.
Like rubbing fingernails
on sandpaper. I shake.

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It is a stranger. In
night, the shadows of
branches are puppets.
You cannot re-live the past.

III.

Blackbird, whistle and
I will hum. Our
requiem. Falling
forward, I stumble
on rocks. Waves make
sand out of the shore.